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UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

To a Hemlock on Chickatawbut

(In the Blue Hills Reservation, Massachusetts)

Again I flee the city's arid stress
  To greet thee, forest brother, dear and tried!
  Recumbent in the heaven thy arms provide,
I thrill with ecstasy at thy caress.
Against thy sun-warm sides my cheek I press,
  And know thee still my kin, as when in pride
  Our far-off ancestors towered side by side;
Thy line still tree, mine human more or less.

When I have solved the secret of this flesh,
  My flame-freed ashes I in love decree
    Where some near sapling's roots may pierce my clay.
I then shall flourish by thy side afresh,
  Once more upon the earth a glorious tree,
    While raptured others in my shade shall stray!

JAMES H. WEST.

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F. A. MILLER
GENERAL PASSENGER AGENT
CHICAGO

UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME LIX | THURSDAY, AUGUST 22, 1907 | NUMBER 25

Without the resolution in your hearts to do good work, so long as your right hands have motion in them; and to do it whether the issue be that you die or live, in once forming the resolution that your work is to be well done, life is really won, here and for ever.

—*John Ruskin.*

Even Boston has had an Old Home week. It is refreshing to find the staid Boston falling in so promptly with the latest sensation of the day, but it is a sensible one and Boston honors itself by recognizing the value of old associations and a return thereto.

Lucy Stone is still a force in the world. Her ninetieth birthday was celebrated on the 13th inst. Though her eyes closed on mortal time nearly fourteen years ago, she still lives and works and pleads for justice to her sex, which is strength and power to the nation. Let men everywhere take off their hats for a moment with the approach of each new birthday in honor of the woman who dared to serve her time by living ahead of it.

UNITY joins with the host of friends and students who send congratulations to Prof. T. S. C. Lowe, of Pasadena, Cal., who has just reached his seventy-fifth birthday. The story of this man's life is a contribution to romance as it is to prophecy—starting out for himself at seven years of age without a cent in his pocket, his love for science making him an early balloonist, serving during the Civil war in the clouds, laying the foundation not only of ballooning as a military equipment, but of aerial navigation; he invented ice machines, making refrigerator cars and ships possible; he perfected mountain railroading, and for years has been an observer of the heavens on Mount Lowe, beloved, admired and honored. His long life has been given to the service of his fellows. He was too busy to make money, though many of his inventions have large commercial values.

No one who has looked upon the bronze figure of that "kindly, earnest, far-seeing man" which stands at the entrance of Lincoln Park, Chicago, can fail to realize afresh the calm poise and heroic mold of "The First American," or fail to render tribute to the artistic genius and master hand of Augustus Saint-Gaudens whose death on August 3d was mourned by a great host of friends on two continents. The words of President Roosevelt, written only two days before the sculptor's death in a communication to the American Numismatic Society, are being widely circulated and cordially approved. He refers to the new coinage of the eagle and double eagle designed by Saint-Gaudens, "than whom certainly there is no greater artistic genius living in the United States or elsewhere." When to his wonderful ability was added a personality no less worthy of admiration—modesty, gentleness, unfailing kindliness, as well as splendid courage and cheerfulness, Augustus Saint-Gaudens became a character not unlike that of Abraham Lincoln whose fitting memorial he fashioned in lasting bronze. The artist as well as the statesman has furnished an inspiring ideal for every American youth.

The Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Institute has many times been lauded with encomiums and its great leader, Booker T. Washington, has very frequently received fitting recognition on both continents; nevertheless the recent investigation of the Tuskegee institution by a special examiner under appointment from the Alabama State Legislature, is a matter of general importance and wide interest. Mr. Haralson, a public accountant, made a very thorough and painstaking investigation of the whole institution and has made a detailed report to the legislature covering all the courses of study and training, methods of expending money and making accounts of same, and concludes with the warmest approval of

> "the condition and care of the grounds, the good order prevailing among the pupils and the general air of interest and industry that seemed to pervade the entire establishment."

An article in the last *Outlook* notes that Tuskegee Institute was established in 1880 with an appropriation of $2,000 and with only ten acres of land, and began its work July 4, 1881, with one teacher and thirty pupils in a rented shanty. Today it owns real estate of over two thousand acres; has an endowment fund of $1,400,000; has one hundred and forty-nine teachers and fifteen hundred pupils. The school spends annually $125,000 in the county where it is situated. What it is doing, not only for the state of Alabama which founded it but for the whole southland, and in its contribution to the one feasible solution of the negro problem, what it is giving to America and the World, can neither be estimated in figures nor suggested by any report. Seemingly the only limitation to the success of this splendid school is the financial one which rests so heavily on the shoulders of its heroic leader, and which for the sake of the progress of the race, some men of means should lift from the shoulders of the man who worthily wears the name of our great president, Booker T. Washington.

The Bull of Pope Pius X

The fact that the Pope's Bull has made so little impression upon the newspaper world is a most significant evidence that it is a strange anachronism. The things the good Pope condemns are so clearly and fairly stated that they serve as a confession of common sense; it serves as an admirable tract for the times. We cannot serve the interest of the cause of rational religion more effectively than by increasing its publicity and so we publish it so far as our space permits without note or comment:

It is the misfortune of our age, that being impatient of every restraint, it is disposed, in its search after primary truths to accept novelties whilst at the same time abandoning to a certain extent the heritage of the human race, thus falling into the gravest errors. These errors will be exceedingly pernicious if they relate to matters of sacred discipline and the interpretation of the sacred Scriptures and the principal mysteries of the faith.

It is a matter of profoundest regret that a certain number of Catholic writers, transgressing the limits established by the fathers and the Church herself, have devoted themselves to the alleged development of dogmas, whilst in reality, under the pretext of higher research and in the name of history they explain away the dogmas themselves. That these errors, which every day are spreading more and more among the faithful, may not find lodgment in their minds and thus corrupt the purity of the faith, it has seemed good to Pius X, Pope by Divine Providence, to note and condemn through the agency of the Holy and Universal Inquisitions the most prominent of these errors.

PROPOSITIONS CONDEMNED.

No. 1. The ecclesiastical law which prescribes that books treating of the Holy Scriptures shall be subjected to a preliminary censorship is not applicable to writers who devote themselves to the criticism and scientific exigencies as regards the books of the Old and New Testaments.

2. The Church's interpretation of the sacred book, which should not be condemned, should nevertheless be subordinated to more accurate judgment and conviction of exegetists.

3. From the ecclesiastical censors and condemnations pronounced against the free and more recondite exegesis one would be justified in inferring that the faith proposed by the Church is opposed to history and that Catholic dogmas are irreconcilable with the true origins of the Christian religion.

4. The teaching function of the Church through dogmatic definition cannot determine true meaning of the Holy Scriptures.

5. As only revealed truths are contained in the deposit of faith, it does not belong to the Church under any circumstances to pass judgment on natural sciences.

6. In defining truths the Church in process of learning (ecclesia discens) co-operates with the teaching church (ecclesia docens) in such a way that nothing remains for the teaching church to do but to sanction the opinions adopted by the ecclesia discens.

PROSCRIBING ERRORS.

7. When the church proscribes errors she may not demand of the faithful interior assent to the judgments she passes.

8. Those should be held blameless who pay no attention to the condemnation of the index and other Roman congregations.

9. Those manifest a great amount of simplicity or ignorance who believe that God is really the author of the Holy Scriptures.

10. The inspiration of the books of the Old Testament consisted in the fact that the Hebrew writers transmitted the religious doctrines under a peculiar aspect of which the Gentiles had little or no knowledge.

11. Divine inspiration does not guarantee all and every part of Holy Scripture against error.

12. The exegetist who desires to devote himself with profit to biblical studies should above all things lay aside all preconceived ideas as to the supernatural origin of the Holy Scriptures and interpret it just as he would other documents of purely human origin.

13. The evangelists themselves and the Christians of the second and third generations arranged the Gospel parables in their own way and thus furnished the reason why the preachers of Christ bore so little truth among the Jews.

DISREGARD OF TRUTH.

14. In any of their narratives the evangelists have thought less of searching after the truth than of telling things which though false they believe would benefit their readers.

15. The Gospels were continually added to and corrected until the time they became the definite and recognized canon. The result is that they contain a very slight and vague trace of the teachings of Christ.

16. What John narrates is not history in the true sense of the word, but a mystical meditation on the Gospel. The discourses embodied in his Gospel and his theological meditations on the mystery of salvation are fully devoid of historical truth.

17. The fourth Gospel exaggerates miracles not only for the purpose of making them appear more extraordinary but also that they may in a more fitting manner body forth the work and the glory of the word incarnate.

18. John claims for himself the authority of one who can bear witness as to Christ. Now, in reality he was at the end of the first century a far removed witness as to the Christian life or the life of Christ in the Church.

19. Heterodox exegetists have mastered the sense of Holy Scriptures much better than Catholic exegetists.

IDEA OF REVELATION.

20. Revelation is nothing else than man's acquired consciousness or relationship with God.

21. The revelation which constitutes the subject-matter of the Catholic faith was not completed in the Apostolic age.

22. The dogmas, which, according to the church teachers, have descended from heaven, have only the interpretation of certain religious facts which the human consciousness has acquired after great effort.

23. Between the facts narrated in Holy Scripture and the dogmas of the church based on these facts there can exist, and in fact does exist, a contradiction. Consequently, every critic has a right to reject as false facts which the church holds as most certain.

24. It is not reprehensible in an exegetist to state premises from which it logically follows that dogmas are false or historically dubious, provided he does not attack directly the dogmas themselves.

25. The assent to faith, in the last analysis, rests on the sum total of probabilities.

26. The dogmas of faith should be retained in a practical sense—that is to say, not as a rule of faith, but as a recognized rule of conduct.

DIVINITY OF CHRIST.

27. The divinity of Christ cannot be proved by the Gospels. It is only a dogma which the Christian consciousness evolved from the idea of a Messiah.

28. When Jesus exercised his ministry he did not speak for the purpose of making himself known as the Messiah, nor were his miracles performed with a view of showing that he was.

29. It is permissible to concede that Christ, as known to history, was far superior to the Christ who is worshiped by faith.

30. In all the biblical tests the name Son of God is equivalent to Messiah, and does not by any means signify that Christ was the natural Son of God.

31. The doctrine as to Christ taught by John, Paul and the councils of Nice, Chalcedon and Ephesus was not the doctrine taught by Christ, but was the doctrine concerning Jesus which was born of the Christian consciousness.

32. It is impossible to reconcile the plain and natural sense of the texts of the Gospels with what theologians teach in regard to the self-consciousness and infallible knowledge of Jesus Christ.

33. It must be evident to every one who is not under the influence of preconceived opinions that either Jesus was deceived when he spoke of the coming of the Messiah in the near future or that the greater part of his doctrine contained in the synoptical Gospels is wholly unauthentic.

CHRIST'S KNOWLEDGE.

34. The critic cannot attribute to Christ unlimited knowledge, unless on a hypothesis which historically is inconceivable, and which is repugnant to the moral sense, namely, that Christ, insofar as he was a man, possessed the knowledge of God, and yet he was unwilling to communicate the knowledge of so many things to his disciples and posterity.

35. Christ was not always conscious of his messianic dignity.

36. The resurrection of the Saviour is not a historical fact, properly speaking, but belongs to the purely supernatural. It has not been demonstrated nor is it demonstrable. The Christian consciousness gradually evolved it from other facts.

37. From the very beginning faith in the resurrection did not concern itself so much with the actual fact of the resurrection as it did with the immortal life of Christ with God.

38. The doctrine of the expiatory death of Christ is not a Gospel, but a Pauline doctrine.

39. The opinion as to the origin of the sacraments with which the fathers of the Council of Trent were imbued, and which unquestionably left their impression upon their dogmatic canons, are quite different from those which are now entertained by historians of Christianity.

ORIGIN OF SACRAMENTS.

40. The Sacraments had their origin in what the Apostles and their successors, influenced by facts and guided by circumstances, interpreted as the idea and intention of Christ.

41. The Sacraments have no other purpose than to recall to the minds of men the ever-beneficent presence of the Creator.

42. The Christian community originated the necessity of baptism, constituting it an obligatory rite and attaching to it obligations in connection with the profession of the Christian faith.

43. The practice of conferring baptism upon infants was due to disciplinary evolution. One of the reasons for this was to make two sacraments out of one, namely, baptism and the sacrament of penance.

44. There is nothing to prove that confession was conferred by the Apostles. The formal distinction between the sacraments of baptism and confession did not exist in the early days of Christianity.

45. What Paul says (1 Cor. 11:23-25) about the institution of the eucharist must not be taken in a historical sense.

46. The thought of bringing about the reconciliation of the sinner through the authority of the church did not prevail in the early churches. It was only by degrees that the church accustomed herself to take this view. Long after penance came to be regarded as an institution of the church it was not called a sacrament, because it was regarded improper to apply to it the name of sacrament.

SACRAMENT OF PENANCE.

47. The words of Christ: "Receive ye the Holy Spirit, whose sins ye shall forgive, they are forgiven them, and whose sins ye retain they are retained," bear no relation at all to the Sacrament of Penance, no matter what the fathers of the Council of Trent may be pleased to assert.

48. James in his Epistle (14-15) had no intention of proclaiming the Sacrament of Eucharist. He only recommended it as a pious practice. If he perhaps saw in it the means of grace, he did not accept it in the same liberal sense as did the theologians who established the theory and the number of the Sacraments.

49. The Lord's Supper gradually assumed the form of a liturgical function. Those who were in the habit of presiding assumed a sacredotal character.

50. The elders who exercised the duty of supervising the Christian assemblies were made priests or bishops by the Apostles that they might provide for the necessary organization of growing Christian communities and not specially for the purpose of perpetuating the mission and the power of the Apostles.

51. Marriage in the Church became a Sacrament of the new law only by slow degrees. It is not possible that matrimony could have become a Sacrament by the new law until later in the church, for in order that matrimony should be held as a Sacrament it was necessary that a full theological development of the doctrine of grace and Sacraments should first take place.

PERPETUITY OF CHURCH.

52. Christ had not the intention of constituting the Church as a society to endure on earth through successive centuries; on the contrary he believed that the kingdom of heaven would come at the end of the world, which was then imminent.

53. The organic constitution of the Church is not immutable. On the contrary, Christian society, like human society, is subject to perpetual evolution.

54. The dogmas, the Sacraments, the hierarchy, in their conception, as well as in their existence, are only the interpretation of the Christian thought and of the evolutions which, by external additions, have developed and perfected the germ that lay hidden in the Gospel.

55. Simon Peter never suspected that the primacy in the Church had been conferred upon him by Christ.

56. The Roman Church became the head of all churches, not by divine ordinance, but by purely political circumstances.

57. The Church has shown herself to be an enemy of natural and theological sciences.

58. Truth is no more immutable than man himself, with whom and in whom and through whom it changes perpetually.

59. Christ did not teach a fixed, determined body of doctrine applicable to all times and to all men. But rather he started a religious movement adapted or capable of being adapted to different times and places.

CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE.

60. The Christian doctrine was first Judaic, then Pauline, then Hellenic, then universal.

61. One may assert without being guilty of a paradox, that there is no chapter in the Bible, from the first of Genesis to the last of Apocalypse, that contains a doctrine exactly the same as that which the Church teaches in regard to the same subject. Consequently, no part of the Scripture has, for the critic, the same meaning it has for the theologian.

62. The principal articles of the Apostles' creed had not for the primitive Christians the same meaning that they have for the Christians of today.

62. The Church has shown herself incapable of effectively defending ethical Gospel, because she obstinately is attached to immutable doctrines which are incompatible with modern progress.

64. The progress in science demands a reform in the conception of Christian doctrine, and on the subject of God, of creation, of revelation, of the personality of the word of redemption.

65. Catholicism, as it now exists, cannot adapt itself to true science, unless it transforms itself into a form of non-dogmatic Christianity; in other words, into a Protestantism that is broad and liberal.

Our Neighbors as Ourselves

During the recent session of Congress Senator Beveridge gave it as his opinion that no man had a moral right "to own one hundred millions of dollars." He made this sum specific, but modified it by other quite as specific figures. Unfortunately he did not tell us just how much a religious man or a righteous man has a right to possess; beyond which he must lose his religion, if not his moral standing. If some one will come forward and fix this standard we shall have a working basis, not only for the legislator but for the preacher as well. As this is an improbable achievement we shall have to go forward, constantly in danger of bitter but very loose diatribes against wealth. We take it there is no religious value whatever in either riches or poverty.

The real trouble with enormous wealth is not that it is wicked to hold it but that it is horribly troublesome. No one can eat his millions, nor can he wear them, nor can he even exploit them in automobiles. He cannot take care of them anything like as easily as he could care for great flocks of sheep and cows. Nor is there a bit of poetry in bank stock, or in bonds and notes, such as there is in great meadows and apple orchards. So it is, the wealthy man is robbed of the compensative value of wealth, in the way of poetry and romance. Abraham was enormously wealthy, but he studied astronomy with his flocks, and he had compensation around his wells in the oases. The money king is a slave to his property.

The question of poverty remains—no worse, however, than before there were millionaires, and perhaps not quite so bad. The possessors of millions do create great enterprises, make labor very marketable, at generally higher prices, and, consciously or unconsciously, they are of considerable value in the way of advancing civilization. The Standard Oil has pushed on ahead with a lot of colleges and universities and charitable institutions in its wake. Betterment of a poor man's condition is sure to waken his ambition and stir up the emulation of others.

The real mischief is right here, that the fact of huge accumulations being possible, makes the masses of the people dissatisfied with rational plenty, and sets up a false ideal. Our ideals are what we worship, and therefore wealth becomes the social God. Today our curse is not that there are so many millionaires but that there are so many others who wish to be millionaires and cannot. Our schools, and our literature, and even our churches, the three organized methods for instructing people, are full of this desperate longing for wealth and display. The schoolboy has set before him the ambition to get out of the common life, and make

his mark in the world. He understands very well that the shortest road is by means of money. Perhaps the prizes, for which he elbows his mates, are the beginning of the nasty struggle whereby he will elbow down his neighbor as a business man.

Then our lawmaking very naturally passes under the influence of a purchasing lobby, and graft is a perfectly natural consequence. Religion is not charity to the poor any more than it is generosity toward our equals. Business loses all recognition of this common law of equality. Your schoolboy does not know that he has achieved the true end of his life when he is performing his duty well—unless he has also outstripped somebody else. The madness for wealth becomes a perfectly natural consequence of false ideals in education. Mr. William Allen White diagnoses the American people as possessed of a "low moral conception." "The very men who hold that stealing and murdering and lying are damnable, do not perceive that the huge absorption of wealth, at the cost of others, is in the slightest degree a sin." What we want is a moral vision that can see our neighbor's interest as we see our own. The law of Jesus is love your neighbor as yourself—equality in the market.

What shall we do about it? Evidently we should stop moralizing on the wickedness of wealth, and undertake a new school ideal of manly character. Preach equality in the churches. Live and let live. Lay it down as a moral thesis, not to be questioned that elbowing down is a crime, and that helping up is godly.

E. P. Powell.

Editorial Correspondence

Dear Unity: Not many recent summers have gone by but that I have had some impulse to lighten the work of the faithful few who keep your columns filled in the vacation weeks as well as through the longer working months. The impulse comes again, here on the shores of beautiful Lake Lucerne—with the quaint towers above the old city wall cutting the sky line picturesquely at my back; in front the long, jagged range of the Alps, stretching from the Rigi to Pilatus, and below the pine-covered promontories father in their arms this "lake of the four forest cantons." This scenery is forever associated with the name of William Tell, especially as enshrined in the immortal verse of Schiller, the poet of spiritual freedom. And just opposite to where I sit is the International Peace Museum. So it is a congenial spot from which to send a letter to help on, however little, the cause of "freedom, fellowship and character in religion."

Days of travel in the comfortable European railway compartments, varied by active sight-seeing and short nights in the hotels, are not absolutely prohibitive of the reading of good and even fairly solid books. But they hardly allow of the quiet digestion that is necessary to reviewing, a favorite avocation of mine, so far as Unity is concerned. So this letter must be about the greater book of the world—impressions of travel, perhaps, or rather lists of the long panorama that three months on sea and land have stored away in memory and in reflection. Later I should like to send you a careful account of a suggestive new book which I am half through with on the second reading—Prof. Percy Gardner's "The Growth of Christianity"—made all the more interesting by a personal meeting with the author in Oxford.

I.

The question now is, with the larger subject, not so much what to include as what to omit. Even the little of Europe that I have seen is a big place, and points of interest seem to have been planted thicker here by the grace of Nature and the toil of man than they are, as yet, in the Mississippi valley. Given a five months' leave of absence by a considerate congregation, it has been my fortune thus far to have seen something of England, France, Italy and Germany, with most of Switzerland and the Rhine, Holland and rural England still before me. The one most pervasive impression that remains, after crossing the various boundaries and asking for the same few staples of diet in different languages—at least, they were meant to be different, but the waiters all seemed to recognize the source, for they would reply in English!—the most pervasive impression is that there are a great many rather ordinary people in the world, and that on the whole they are of the right sort. When one finds himself day after day at the mercy of railroad employes and hotel servants, none of them overpaid, and is never treated with discourtesy even when he is himself particularly stupid, and when he looks out of car windows continually upon streets and shops and fields where the race of man is doing in patience its often exhaustive work—he conceives a respect for his kind that is perhaps as good an asset as he could take back into his own daily round.

Another strong impression is that Americans and Europeans are, after all, the same people, and not two or more different races. There are Americans to be met in Europe, whom one could wish might have been kept at home, just as we have Europeans in America whom we would gladly send back. But one does not see how there could ever again be a war if only the people of every country could be set to traveling in every other and seeing the same universal problems being met and being solved in the same slow way. Even the European soldier, of whom we rightly hear so much as saddled on the back of the peasant, is an ordinary man, and a rather hard-worked one at that, who adds a certain element of distinction to the common life which we are doubtless well enough off without. The American electric car, with its characteristic appliances bearing familiar names, appears to have penetrated everywhere, and the other less creditable institution of ours, much advertised in the larger cities, is the "American bar." Quaker Oats and Sunlight Soap look quite the same in their German dress, and "Grape-Nuts" are as insistent in their appeal for the simple life from the top of a London 'bus as on a Chicago bill-board.

Street car and railroad traffic, especially by freight, is not nearly so heavy over here as among us. On the street cars there are seats for all who wish to ride inside, with a specified number of standing places on the platforms, and when the car is filled to its capacity no more people are allowed to get on. The fares, in most places, are regulated by distance, 2 cents and upwards. Using the cars a great deal in some dozen cities, I have taken many shorter rides for 2 cents, and have rarely paid above 4 cents for a ride of several miles. Here is surely a practical object lesson for our cities at home that must gradually force itself upon the thousands of intelligent Americans who come to Europe every summer.

The bugaboo of state railway ownership, which looms so large in our partisan politics, seems from actual trial to be a harmless enough affair. It is true that I have seen in Europe no such magnificent trains as a very few of our railroads maintain for the most luxurious class of travel, but it is also the simple truth to say that in Italy and Germany, under state management, one travels on the through trains in fully as

good cars, with quite as much comfort, at as good a rate of speed for the most part, and with far less danger of accident, than at home. The German railway system has about it somewhat of the army discipline that so pervades that country. At every little station you see the flagman, at the small country station often a woman, standing in military fashion by his small cabin as the train passes. I don't know much about the economics of the matter, and I am aware that wise and sensible men among us see grave difficulties to be faced in departing from our present system. But so far as the running of trains and the accommodation of the public are concerned, it is hard to believe that what Germans and Italians succeed in doing so well under government control is too much for American ingenuity and skill to attempt.

One has heard much of European women working in the fields, and of the superior position of our American women in that regard. On actual observation, the matter of our alleged superiority becomes at least open to question. One meets, of course, aged women with figures bent over by physical toil, and skins browned by the sun of many summers. One such I saw trudging home at sunset up the lane leading to a little German hamlet, bearing strapped to her back a huge basket filled with grass for her cow. Her step was heavy and slow, and brought Edwin Markham's lines upon Willet's "Man With the Hoe" forcibly to mind. But shortly before, in passing through the same village, I had seen a younger woman also bearing her basket of hay, but in her hands she had a large bunch of beautiful field flowers. So there was something above the mere sordidness of daily toil for her. The heart of an untutored Wordsworth or Burns beat under that faded dress. Her step was free, her carriage natural, her face cheery as the sunset light. Many women I saw, in gardens and in fields, wielding the hoe, the rake, and even swinging the scythe side by side with men and quite as lustily. And it came to me as worth considering, at least, whether that outdoor life, with its relative freedom and variety and nearness to nature, was not as good for woman's soul and body and for the health of the children she might bear as years spent over a washtub, or behind a dry goods counter, or at a typewriter table.

II.

But this is heresy enough for once. Let the social problems rest, while we turn to contemplate the beautiful, upon which we can more spontaneously agree. As to natural beauty, I am not yet prepared to say that Europe is superior to America. There is so much of both that as yet I have not seen. One region through which my train passed we might find it hard to duplicate. That is the French Riviera, the Mediterranean coast line from Marseilles to Monte Carlo. The sea is blue enough, with a transparent greenish tinge near the shore, to deserve its name of "azure." And the shore, with low mountains covered with lemon and olive groves coming almost to the water's edge, and again retreating for several miles; with scattered villas and little settlements half shaded by an almost tropical vegetation, against which the cream-white walls and dull-red tiled roofs make a peculiarly effective contrast; and with a perfect sky of deep, untroubled blue above, seemed more like a scene from fairyland than a part of our common burdened earth.

Then these shores of Lake Lucerne are full of wonders. I have been for a day or two upon the Rigi, the famous Alpine viewpoint within a short ride by steamer and by a mountain railway from Lucerne. As one ascends, on a clear day, beyond the nearer Alps with snow only in their deeper crevices, at length the giant peaks of the Bernese Oberland rise majestically to sight, covered with their mantles of pure, everlasting snow. They bear famous names—the Monch, the Jungfrau, the Schreck Horn, and many more—and they are worthy of their repute. It is a fortunate day on which the tourist can see the whole range of the Alps—125 miles in length—as I saw it from the crest of Rigi. The hurried visitor takes his look and bolts his lunch, and then is ready to go down by the first train and rush off to the next sight. But nowhere is leisure more precious than here. The architecture of the earth is fixed, and the mighty hills will stay and reappear, no matter how the clouds may sweep over them. But the architecture of the sky is always making and pulling down and remaking again; and an afternoon of watching the shadows pass and change on the hills—almost from moment to moment—and the great cloud masses pile up and drive along with the wind and melt again, while the sun slowly sinks to the west and the lower ground takes on its night shadows—such an afternoon goes like a dream, but brings one close to that invisible Spirit of the world whom Henry Simmons found in His storm-cloud laboratory on Pike's Peak, shaping the snow crystals, as He has thrown up the mountains and hollowed out the seas for man's fellowship and his delight.

A perfect sunrise on the Rigi is very rare, so many are the chances of clouds. If not marvelously perfect, the one I saw was quite enough so to warrant the early rising and the stiff half hour's climb from my hotel—there are others higher up—to the summit. The early morning gray had been broken by flashes of lightning, and to the north, over Lake Zug, a thunder storm retreated sullenly, like the spirit of darkness giving way to the advance of light, yet hurling back spite upon his conquerer. Indeed, the whole scene lent itself to parable. The sun was dimmed for us behind a thin veil of distant rain, and the more impatient watchers soon left, counting the sunrise a relative failure. But those who waited had their reward. For far to the south a ray of light pierced the dull glow which was all that was vouchsafed to our hilltop, and caught first a cloud, which it trimmed with rosy edges, then sped through the invisible ether to the far white summits of the Jungfrau group, which it flooded with the full glory of the morning. Over the low-lying homes of men the shadows still hung heavy, and our eyes saw only dimly the light for which we longed. But far away, high lifted over all, stood the bright messengers of its coming. So the radiant, but often neglected, prophets of the advancing good bear even their undoubting witness of it to the few who see and take new courage from the sight.

III.

I have heard much good music on my journey, from the great orchestra in the Paris Opera playing the newest composition of Mr. Saint-Saens, with the composer conducting, to the band in front of the Casino at Monte Carlo, with the witchery of a perfect southern night outside and the horror of sordid faces and shifting piles of gold within. I have heard German chorals, sung by great choruses of men's voices with a splendid power. But two kinds of music I have heard, both new to my experience, and as I fancy, each unique.

On an evening in Jena, just before going out to supper, it seemed suddenly that a choir of women must be practicing in the near-by church. But soon the sound came nearer, and looking out I saw a circle of little boys, none over twelve years old and some much

younger, gathered before a doorway. They were singing Luther's hymn, "Ein Feste Burg ist Unser Gott." They wore a curious, half-ecclesiastical dress, with flat felt hats and long black capes. There was no accompaniment, but a harmony so natural and varied in its sweetness that all organs and orchestras became mere mechanism by comparison, and this came as music such as angels might make. The hymn over, the circle broke, and re-formed a short distance away before another door and sang a sacred hymn, as full of various beauty and only less familiar than the first. So the boys went on from door to door, for fully twenty minutes filling the street with music. The custom is an old one; Martin Luther once belonged to such a group. The boys are chosen from among the poorer school children for their good voices, and are given partial support in return for their services at church, at burials, and in a periodical round of the city, going as I saw them from door to door.

The other music that I heard was far stranger and more untutored, but likewise of an astonishing beauty. It was the mingled tinkling of hundreds of cowbells, coming up the Rigi on the evening air from the pastures that line its slopes. None were near enough to be harsh, while many were so far away that their faint sweetness seemed almost quieter and more shrinking than the silence itself. Yet it was all of it music, falling in silvery drops upon the ear. One could liken it, indeed, only to the steady but irregular dropping of water in a still, deep well. All that is pure and liquid in melody was there, all that the poets have glorified in the notes of birds, all that the modern prima donna aspires to and does not always reach—yet with a natural cadence so strange as to be almost ghostly.

If the "cattle upon a thousand hills," of which the Hebrew singer wrote, had bells about their necks like these, then one might think of them as sending up continuously to their Maker a music not unlike that which a kindred Hebrew genius imagined as being made when "the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy." At least, so it came up to my ears, as a mere mortal. Or, if the sound of those thousand cowbells was like the far music of a myriad of singing stars—some nearer and some farther, making together their "concord of sweet sounds"—I could also hear in memory the grander volume of a choir of manly voices pealing out their German hunting songs with now and then a lift, and altogether worthy of the sons of God—if the latter in their heavenly places *can* shout, which let us hope, for the harmony and completeness of the creation, that they can!

RICHARD H. BOYNTON.

Lucerne, Switzerland, July 31, 1907.

Our Tower Hill Letter

V.

August 7 was the day appointed for the reunion of the Sixth Wisconsin Battery, which was held this year at Lone Rock. The day was a perfect one, for August, in this part of Wisconsin, has been for some years retrieving her name from the bad reputation she had won for heat and drouth. The drive of eleven miles from Tower Hill in the early morning and again homeward in the late afternoon was through a country kept fresh and green with frequent rains and rich with a promise of abundant harvest.

Though the Battery meets in a busy season, when a farmer can ill be spared from his summer tasks, carriages began to arrive at an early hour, and by half-past 10, the hour of meeting, Lone Rock, in spite of its name, wore quite a festive air, with its flags and its unwonted number of visitors. Presently the call of the bugle turned the straggling veterans of war and peace into a procession and led them to the hall, where the roll call and various business matters absorbed the morning. The roll call at these meetings grows year by year a more solemn service, as every year there are new gaps in the serried ranks. Since one year ago three voices have been silenced in the earthly reunion, reducing the original 300 or more to perhaps eighty or eighty-five, of whom twenty-seven were present to answer their names.

In the afternoon reminiscences were in order, as they always are when veterans meet. Among the tenderest of these was the story of "Nigger Henry," the cook of the first platoon, who ran away from his master to join our army and gain his freedom in the early days of the war. On the terrible day of the battle of Corinth the army found itself in an exposed position on the front line, where it lay from early morning until after the awful charge between 10 and 11 in the forenoon. The only available water was a stream which had been tramped into a puddle, and that was far in the rear. But "Nigger Henry" had the boys in mind. He loaded himself with canteens, and he knew where to find the precious spring, beset by a thirsty mob of stragglers and reserved force. Crawling on his hands and knees through the crowd, he succeeded in filling his canteens, and then, in the hottest of the fight, which in a few minutes put twenty-five of the ninety men engaged out of service, he found his way to the front and distributed the canteens, and back again to the spring. This he repeated three times. And "Nigger Henry" became and remains to this day with the Battery boys a term of endearment. He was not even a private in the ranks. He was only a "nigger" cook, but his name stands with the others on the monument at Lone Rock which commemorates the deeds of that brave day, and this year they mourned his death as that of a beloved comrade.

We must find space for another story. "Pete" —— was a Sauk county boy, a half-grown, daredevil Irishman, whose reckless courage was always getting him into difficulties. A few days after the siege of Vicksburg he was guilty of some slight infraction of martial law and was thrown into military prison. He wrote a pitiful letter to General McPherson, begging to be allowed to join his battery on the way to New Orleans. The appeal touched the tender heart of the brave general and he sent an order for his return. This time he remained with his command for more than a year, but was again charged with an offense of which he was not guilty and found guilty of three serious offenses. For this he was sentenced to the military prison, where he remained until the end of the war, and was denied an honorable discharge. After the war he went to Nebraska and was lost to his soldier friends for many years. Some years ago a committee of his old comrades took up the matter and made an attempt to right his record. The matter was before congress for twelve or fifteen years. It was taken up three times in the senate, but died before it reached the House. Then one of the committee made three visits to Washington to see that the wrong was righted. The committee on military affairs was indifferent. The Chicago representative whose help was sought said, "It's of no use." Other members said: "It isn't worth the trouble; if you get the bill through the president won't sign it." But a bit of contemporary history, a few lines read from a diary written at the time of the offense and on the spot, turned the tide.

An ex-confederate threw himself into the balance, saying: "I am with you. I will be your special agent to see this thing through," and Senator Spooner of Wisconsin said, "I will see that the president signs the bill," and the bill was passed by both houses of congress and signed by President Roosevelt. An honorable discharge was granted, and the name of the wronged man was placed on the pension roll and freed from the stain which had shadowed his own life and that of his children. The congress of this great country had stopped long enough to do justice to a poor, ignorant private. Republics are not always ungrateful.

When the spirit of reminiscence failed, the practical question arose of the care and improvement of Monument Park, in Lone Rock, and in order to better understand the situation the assemblage adjourned to the park, where the needed money was speedily raised and a committee appointed to take the matter in charge. And now it was time for the drive through lengthening shadows homeward.

Sunday, August 11, was grove meeting day, and, though the morning was forbidding, the clouds cleared away before half-past 10, and a good audience assembled in the Emerson pavilion. The Hillside choir sang its "Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty," and the conductor of the Hill welcomed the congregation to worship in the wind-swept pavilion under the brooding trees in the restfulness of the Sunday quiet and prayed that we might yield to the sweetness of the hour, to its tender ministrations, to the holy purposes that beckon us on the horizon of the future.

The sermon of the morning was given by the Rev. C. A. Osborne from the text, "Oh, That I Knew Where I Might Find Him." The important thing about man, the speaker said, is what does he think about God. The history of human faiths is the history of human progress. Faith is the most fundamental thing in human life. It is not the business of the church to demonstrate God, but to help the people to find a pathway to the Infinite, to make connections with God. Religion is not something external, to be tacked on to life; it is the earnest, simple, rational devotion of a life. The idea of God is the highest conception the mind of man has been able to reach. If we would be truly reverent we must gain a conception of something higher and nobler than ourselves. "Where there is no vision the people perish." There must be a goal ahead or there will be no striving. The church of the future will be the human pathway to the holiest things; it will be not a creed, but a consecration of life.

Mr. Thomas Lloyd Jones, of Wauwatosa, Wis., next spoke briefly on the question why men do not go to church. Some, he said, stay away because they are not interested in serious problems of any kind. Some have reached the point where, since they no longer believe in a personal devil, they no longer feel the need of a personal salvation, while some are brain-tired and feel the need of complete rest or some kind of stimulation beyond the narrow realm to which ministers confine themselves, for all reformers are partially color blind. The business man wants a church that will be a vital force in the community, a minister who will do picket duty with the advance guard, remembering that one former, one constructive mind, is worth a thousand re-formers. The church should be a civic center; it should also be an ethical and a spiritual center. To such a church the people will furnish both financial aid and moral support.

The Rev. Mr. Loomis, who was introduced as a man still on the picket line of reform, though in his eighty-fourth year, made good the claim of youthfulness by a brief but spirited plea for a combination of amusement, education and inspiration—in short, of all human elements, in the church of the future.

Mr. Loomis was followed by the Rev. Mr. Gilmore, of Madison, who said, in part: "This age does not differ in any material sense from those which have gone before. There has never been a time when men did not ask: 'What is the matter with the church? How long is it going to live?' The trouble in politics, in government, is just as great. The bribe-giver and the bribe-taker are always with us. The problem of the church is not different from that of other institutions. The foundation of religion does not rest on any book, Bible, shrines, cathedrals; all rest on primitive intuitions in the heart of man. As for morality, a thing is not true because Jesus said it; he said it because it is true. That is right which helps human life. That is wrong which hinders or limits human life. There is no reason for discouragement."

The afternoon meeting was presided over by the Rev. Mr. Hogan, of Spring Green. The first address was given by the Rev. Mr. Schoenfeld, of Dodgeville, who spoke from the text, "He Must Increase, but I Must Decrease." A part of his discourse was, in substance, as follows: "What do wise and strong men think of Jesus today? Strauss, in his life of Christ, tried to show that the gospel story is untrustworthy and Jesus Christ a myth, and this view has been supported by Renan and later critics. But notwithstanding these carpers, Jesus Christ has grown steadily in the estimation of man. His influence shapes affairs and forms conduct today. Denominational differences are sinking into insignificance, as they should. The licensed saloon exists today by sufferance of the church. The church, if united, is strong enough to wipe out every saloon in the country. We ought to feel that God has created all nations of one blood. A thousand years ago every nation had strong walls around it. Now commerce and travel are breaking down these walls. The head, the heart and the hand of man are being consecrated to the Master. He must increase until his peace shall fill the earth, and even the armies of the world shall be consecrated to his service."

The closing address was given by Jenkin Lloyd Jones, who said, in part, as follows: "Our hopes today are best represented in the little city of The Hague, in Holland, where representatives of the world's nations are engaging in the thought of international peace. Bayonets and the cross are not marching together today. This shooting business has got to stop or we must stop mouthing the gospel of Christ. The tramp of the soldier must be relegated to the past. In Holland today the hope of the world is assembled. The prophets of the Lord are there about the Lord's business, working at the problems of international brotherhood, amity and co-operation. There is no misunderstanding the Christ of the New Testament parables. There is no dispute about the beatitudes and the Golden Rule. Looking away from The Hague, I turn to our own city of Chicago, where something worthy of note has been happening. The dedication of the juvenile court last week in Chicago was a gospel triumph. This building, consecrated to the work, not of a judge wielding terrors to childhood, but of a father who gathers the children to his heart and pleads with them for the higher life, this is a true interpretation of the Infinite Father. Such things as these help me to believe with my brother from Dodgeville in the increasing Christ. Again, a great trial has been going on out in Idaho. Class has been ar-

rayed against class, and prejudice has been given full sway. How long and weary was the trial! How we held our breath as we waited, fearing to hear that passion had broken away and defeated law. But the verdict has been given and the nation breathes freely again, for both sides are satisfied with the equity of the judgment. Only the All-Seeing knows who the guilty man is. It is my conviction that it is not one guilty man, but a guilty time, and that the crime was the murder in the heart of thousands broken out into realization. Be that as it may, the triumph in Idaho was the triumph of justice. The desire for equity was vindicated and the nation rejoiced in the verdict that came out of a fair trial. In judgments like this we find the increasing Christ.

"We are learning, too, to rejoice in the triumphs of other nations, in the spirit that blooms in the cherry islands of Japan, in the moral and spiritual growth of China, where the home forces are at last succeeding in their attempt to defy the power of European merchants and break the awful fetters of opium, and when I see that, again I think I see the increasing Christ revealed, not in New Testament phrase, not in English, but in Chinese speech; and all these things justify my brother's main contention that there is an Increasing Christ, who is increasingly the hope of the world."

The meeting closed with another chorus from the Hillside choir and a benediction from Mr. Hogan.

The day had been a full one, but the richest Sunday on Tower Hill would be incomplete without the vesper service, as it would be without its sunset and afterglow, and so, at the "quiet-colored end of the evening," the Hill residents gathered in the pavilion for a few quiet words of prayer and praise, a reading by the leader of two or three simple poems, including Kipling's "Deep Sea Cables," and the singing of "Nearer, My God, to Thee," the grand old hymn which through many constant years has become as much a part of Sunday on Tower Hill as twilight and bedtime. We were tired in body, but rested in spirit, when we climbed the Hill for our welcome rest.

EVELYN H. WALKER.

Tower Hill, Wis., August 12, 1907.

Hospitality

Come view my vast estate, O friend.
In blue sky-rim its reaches end,
And vistas framing silver seas
Round out its royal boundaries!
Why should I farther fortune seek?
What grandeur mine of starry peak,
What quietude of dreaming vales,
What cloud-fleets, hoisting happy sails,
What endless slope of emerald lawns,
What sumptuous pageantry of dawns,
What overflow of bloom and song
Within my realm the summer long!
Friend, make thee free of my domain,
From misty height to blossomed plain!
Here host am I, and thou the guest,
The measure of my bounty test
Through all the boundless acres fair
I own in God's great everywhere!

—*Edith Hope Kinney.*

The world has small need of a religion which consists solely or chiefly of emotions and raptures. But the religion that follows Jesus Christ, alike when he goes up into the high mountain to pray and when he comes down into the dark valley to work; the religion that listens to him alike when he tells us of the peace and joy of the Father's house and when he calls us to feed his lambs; the religion that is willing to suffer as well as to enjoy, to labor as well as to triumph; the religion that has a soul to worship God, and a heart to love man, and a hand to help in every good cause—is pure and undefiled.—H. Van Dyke.

THE BOOK TABLE

The Asian Bookshelf*

Mr. Clement's *Handbook of Modern Japan,* useful and important in itself, appeared at the exactly favorable moment. It has now reached its seventh edition —a remarkable fact considering that the first edition was printed less than four years ago, October 10, 1903. The book is the best one for handy reference for one seeking information about the Japan of today. Mr. Clement, who is at the head of a Baptist school in Tokyo, has a much closer relation with the community in which he labors than most missionaries. He has an exceptional personal acquaintance among Japanese who are active in national affairs. For years past he has been the representative in Tokyo of an important American daily paper and his cablegrams upon important current events have been notable in discrimination, good judgment and accuracy. His long life in the country, his professional work—bringing him into contact with the younger element, his sympathy with the people, and his close watch upon history in the making, have all qualified him for writing this manual. His presentation of facts upon all phases of things Japanese is excellent in itself, but its value is largely increased by a thoughtfully prepared bibliography at the end of each chapter. The present edition contains, as new matter, a twenty-page chapter upon the Russo-Japanese War—an admirably clear and straightforward narrative. Today every intelligent man must know something of the Island Empire. If he is to have but one book within easy reach, this may well be the one.

The author of *Far Eastern Impressions. Japan-Korea-China,* Mr. Ernest G. Hatch, a member of the British House of Commons, visited the Orient just before the Russo-Japanese War. In his book he presents some of the impressions gained upon the trip. He is an Englishman, practical and interested in public affairs. Naturally, his first and most serious inquiry regarding any matter is its relation to British trade, its influence upon British politics. What he says of Japan fills only two chapters and has comparatively little importance. He was naturally impressed by the rapid changes in progress, by the extraordinary development of Japanese trade and by the thorough training and organization of the Japanese army. In comparing the Russian and Japanese policies he sums up his conclusion in the words: "At present Japan unquestionably stands for political and commercial freedom as against a blighting despotism." He urges the cultivation of friendly relations between Great Britain and Japan, finding in such relations, firmly established, the greatest prosperity for both nations. Of more interest and importance than his impressions of Japan are our author's impressions of Korea. He finds it a land rich in natural resources and offering great opportunities to commercial and industrial nations. The people are utterly poor; the government is weak and capricious. Remarkable progress is making in mission work and a notable development in mining. It is, however, in speaking of China that Mr. Hatch is most interesting and most clear-seeing. He reflects the resident British distrust and fear of Rus-

**A Handbook of Modern Japan.* Ernest W. Clement. Chicago, 1907: A. C. McClurg & Co. 16mo, pp. xvi, 423. $1.40.

Far Eastern Impressions. Ernest G. Hatch. Chicago, 1905: A. C. McClurg & Co. 16mo, pp. xiii, 257. $1.40.

Chinese Thought. Paul Carus. Chicago, 1907: Open Court Publishing Co. 8vo, pp. 195. $1.

Chinese Life and Customs. Paul Carus. Chicago, 1907: Open Court Publishing Co. 8vo, pp. vii, 114. 75 cents.

The Dragon Painter. Mary McNeil Fenollosa (Sidney McCall). Boston, 1906: Little, Brown & Co. 16mo, pp. 262. $1.50.

sia's intrigue and advance. He suggests policies to be pursued and plans to be developed for counteracting or neutralizing her influence. He tries to draw a true picture of China's condition, but is inclined to overestimate her inability to solve her own problems. He suggests a triple alliance between Great Britain, the United States and Japan to check Russian aggression. In a final chapter, written while the war was in progress, he speaks of Japanese intervention in China and its danger and says that the Japanization of China must be resisted. The greatest interest in reading Mr. Hatch's book lies in carefully examining how far the results of the war prove his views sound and how far his impressions and plans would be modified if he were making his expedition today. Only by such a reading can one appreciate the significance and far-reaching influence of Japan's victory. Three chapters of Mr. Hatch's book are devoted to Chinese railroads, and his discussion is accompanied by a useful map, in which the railway concessions to different nations are represented by different colors. Both the discussion and the map are valuable, not only as presenting the facts clearly, but as giving information regarding the *political* significance of these enterprises.

The Open Court Publishing Company has just issued two useful books by Dr. Carus upon China. In *Chinese Life and Customs* he presents a series of curious pictures taken from a Japanese book published at Tokyo, the translated title of which is *An Exposition of Chinese Life and Customs under the Chin Emperors.* The pictures are by Chinese artists and in them all phases of the national life are represented. Dr. Carus reproduces a large number of them and adds just enough description to make them comprehensible. Thus the book may be said to represent the Chinese as they see themselves. The pictures are grouped to illustrate the great festivals through the year, the life industries, worship, childhood and education, marriage and the home life and funeral customs. The pictures deserve a careful study, not only because of the information which they directly convey, but also as specimens of national art.

In the other book, *Chinese Thoughts,* the author furnishes a much more extended personal contribution. With numerous illustrations, he discusses Chinese script, Chinese occultism, Zodiacs of different nations, a throneless king and his empire, and the Chinese problem. A considerable mass of information is attractively presented. Divination, which plays an important part in Chinese life, is studied in detail; in his investigation of the Zodiac—one of the most attractive though difficult subjects of ancient thought—the author brings together many curious pictures from Babylonian, Greek, Roman, Egyptian, Arabian and other sources for comparison with the Chinese signs; the "throneless king" here discussed is, of course, Confucius, whose influence in shaping and fixing Chinese thought has been so significant. It will be seen that Dr. Carus treats a wide range of interesting matter. This matter was never before of so much importance as now, when "the Chinese problem" occupies so large a place in our thought.

Mrs. Fenollosa has already written a brilliant Japanese romance in *The Breath of the Gods.* Her friends, however, consider this new book, *The Dragon Painter,* as deeper and more artistic. The main characters are Kano Indara, Umeko, and Tatsu. Kano Indara is an artist of the old school, last of a long line of famous painters, but with no son to carry on the name, and fame, and art, which he represents; he lives in the past, hating and despising the degenerate present and mourning the change and loss that comes to New Japan in its haste to adopt the ways of the rushing, bustling, commercial west. His daughter Umeko, lovely and dainty, in person and training all that her father's daughter ought to be, no mean artist either and a credit to her father's instruction, is still not what a *son* would be; and, though the old man loves her, he mourns that she is not a boy. Tatsu, the dragon-painter, a wild, uncontrolled mountain thing, who paints dragons only and dreams day and night of the dragon maiden whom he paints passionately, without training or technical knowledge—this untamed creature comes into the life circle of the old man and his daughter. There is a plot, not a deep one, but enough to interest. Mrs. Fenollosa's descriptions of scenery are delicate, her drawing of Japanese character is fine, and her pictures of life and custom are true. And the Japanese character that is depicted is not dead stuff, but that which feels and throbs and pulsates. The reader feels when the book is read that he has touched the nature of the Japanese.

FREDERICK STARR.

The Jew

The anomaly of all history is the modern Jew—hated, but feared; persecuted, but respected. "They are as distinct today as when they came out of Egypt, or returned from Babylon. Roman, Goth, Spaniard, Italian, Englishman—all in turn, and church or state, separate or combined, have in vain exerted their cruelest ingenuity to extirpate them or blend them beyond the possibility of recovery with the Gentiles." Empires have passed away as a shadow, leaving behind them only their names. They have perished and their places know them no more. But the Jews are still there, standing apart from all other races, as in the days of Jesus Christ, one distinct and unique family in the midst of the confusion of all others—rich, though a thousand times despoiled; increasing in numbers and more united than ever though scattered by a tempest of eighteen centuries to the extremities of the globe.

The Jew is at once an enigma and a miracle. What is the key to the enigma? the explanation of the miracle? the facts as recorded in the Old and New Testament. No other testimony is needed to corroborate the truth of these records, the argument is capable of large expansion and direct application to the question at hand. One thing, at all events, seems clear. If the hand of God has touched in a peculiar way any nation in the progress of the world's history, it is the nation of the Jews.—*The Biblical World.*

Literary Note

Ray Morris, one of the unquestioned authorities on the railway situation, writes of the "Tendencies of American Railroad Development" in the August number of the *Atlantic Monthly.* He shows that the conditions of steam traffic in the United States are now such that a good deal can be said both for the operators of the lines and for their customers. Regulation of rates, demurrage, valuation and extension of roads are treated with impartiality. He writes:

"I am inclined to believe that the present flurry of legislative regulation and restriction, while a matter of first-class annoyance to the railroads, does not, after all, extend very far beneath the surface. A few years of carefully applied corporate good manners, extending from the president right through to the station agent, will do much to smooth over the sources of popular clamor." The article is brilliant, significant, convincing and enlightening.

THE WATCH TOWER

Watchman, tell us of the night;
What its signs of promise are!

The Week

The Telegraphers' Strike.

On Thursday night, the 15th inst., President S. J. Small of the Commercial Telegraphers' Union of America ordered a general strike of all telegraphers belonging to the union—about 15,000 men. As a result five more operators quit in Chicago, three in Milwaukee, few if any in New York and Boston or on the Pacific Coast. Of course the reason for this was that some 10,000 men were already out on strike, but the promised increase of 5,000 did not materialize. Apparently there is some ground for the claims of the Western Union and Postal companies that they are constantly increasing the number of operators on duty. The Associated Press and some other leased wires are again in commission. Rival claims must be discounted, but it is plain the union officials are not in command of their men nor able to handle the situation. Battalions that "charge" without waiting for the word of command may very likely "retreat" when the fit strikes them, and this is both the hope and the defense of the telegraph companies. Union labor cannot expect to win when it abrogates its own pledges and ignores the orders of its own chosen officials, as all sides admit it has done in this case.

Inspector Hunt Reinstated.

One of the acts of Chief Shippy, at the beginning of his career at the head of the police department, was his refusal to give the notorious grafter and saloon champion, Inspector Hunt, a place on the police force. This stand of Chief Shippy was welcomed by all lovers of law and order, and despite the well-known "pull" of this man, who has amassed a fortune in the one way open to a public official on a small salary, it was hoped the new chief would keep his public promise. Without any justification of his course or adequate answer to the charges made against him, Inspector Hunt is again returned to his old place at Hyde Park station. Conclusions are obvious.

Picketing Prohibited.

Whatever the animus or purpose of the order, Chief Shippy has certainly contributed not a little to the peaceful settlement of the telegraphers' strike by prohibiting any "picketing" of offices, as has been and was the custom. Whether his order was for the purpose of protecting non-union men, as claimed, or for the protection of employers against the desertion of their men, as charged, it is manifest that violence may thus be avoided, and moral arguments rather than physical and brutal may be used on "scabs." In a time of "war" warlike methods are likely to prevail, and it is almost too much to expect pickets, who have not hitherto obeyed their union officers, to regard all the courtesies of civilization.

Address of Secretary Taft.

At Columbus, Ohio, on Monday Secretary of War William H. Taft spoke the "keynote" of the coming Presidential campaign just as he starts on his world-pilgrimage via the Philippines. The pronunciamento was not different from what had been foreshadowed, but is regarded as a strong statement of the present administration position which Mr. Taft will champion in his campaign for the Presidency.

International Zoölogical Congress.

There is being held in Boston this week a notable gathering of scientists from all over the world, the chief sphere of whose study is animal life. The initial address of the congress was by Dr. R. Hertwig, of Munich, on the topic "Some Newer Problems of Cell Research," which will be delivered in the German language. An indication of the range and scope of the meeting is afforded by the fact that some five different languages are permitted in the papers and discussions. Following the organization of the "Sections" on Tuesday some ten or a dozen different groups have been in session simultaneously during the week.

Standard Oil Stocks Tumble.

Early last week a big slump in Standard Oil shares of some forty points and amounting to a temporary demoralization of the market was reported in the press. While it has not seemed likely the matter would prove at all serious it is true there is a money stringency evidenced by an interest rate of 6½ to 7 per cent on short loans, and at the same time an importation of gold, seeming to show that money was scarce or rates high abroad.

Affairs in Morocco.

During the past week several battles have been fought between the Moors and the French forces at Casablanca, in which the former have always been defeated with serious loss by the artillery fire from the fort and the warships. Now that the Spanish troops have arrived, for Spain unites with France in the punitive measures, General Drude has 3,500 men and an abundance of shrapnel for his cannon, besides the support of the naval vessels, hence regards his position impregnable. It is confidently asserted the struggle can not continue long.

Wireless to Cuba.

A private corporation, the United Fruit Company, has secured from Secretary Taft a license to erect a wireless telegraph station at Point San Antonio, on the extreme western end of Cuba, which is desired for commercial purposes, but may prove of public value. The license is made revocable and subject to the approval of Governor Magoon.

Fisheries Dispute Goes to Hague.

England has accepted the proposition of the United States to submit the Newfoundland fisheries dispute to arbitration at The Hague. The new trouble has been caused by the assertion of Newfoundland that she can pass local laws restricting fishing privileges conferred by treaty on American citizens. This action is defended on the ground that the protection of game on sea or shore is a local right, treaty or no treaty. Apparently the disputed question cannot be settled and it is not to be submitted to the international court. C. A. O.

Uncle Sam at The Hague.

Recent reports seem to indicate that the representatives of this nation have done much to save the present Hague conference from futility by the introduction of important propositions almost at the eleventh hour. In brief the United States proposed an elaborate scheme for the organization of a permanent court of arbitration, composed of fifteen judges selected in a manner to be determined by the present conference—but from different countries, races and types of legal procedure, so as to be truly representative and readily accessible at all times. This permanent court would sit annually at The Hague at a specified date and continue in session as long as necessary. The proposition was also made that a treaty be entered into by whose terms and under certain conditions arbitration would be compulsory.

A Leader Fallen

The distressing death of President R. H. Halsey, of the Oshkosh Normal School—killed instantly July 25 by accidental discharge of a revolver at his camp in the woods of northern Michigan—is a distinct loss to the forces making for culture and civic progress in the Northwest. Professor Halsey was a graduate of Williams College in the seventies. The strength of his life was put into his educational work in the city of Oshkosh, from whose Normal School his fine influence went out into every part of the state. Singularly modest and free from personal ambition, he was absorbed in the extension of those ideals which to him were the things of permanent value. The corrupt and wily politician knew him as a sleepless and unflinching foe. The pastor of the local Congregational Church, Dr. Smith, when under fire years ago for preaching a larger faith, found in Mr. Halsey a staunch supporter and ally. In the circle of cultured and thoughtful people in Oshkosh he was the natural leader. To many hundreds of teachers dispersed throughout Wisconsin he has been a potent inspiration to ideals of scholarship and service. His practical sagacity led to his being constantly sought for advice on matters connected with school administration and the selection of teachers. In his religious life, while in sympathy with the freest and most advanced thought, he had a true sense of the value of the church, and had studied as carefully as any minister the problem of finding expression for the new life in the old forms.

His death followed at an interval of only two years that of Mrs. Halsey, who had been in the fullest sense the sharer of his ideals. The loss of these two splendid leaders in the very height of their usefulness is a bereavement that will be widely felt. W. B. T.

THE HOME

(Contributions for this department should be sent to Mrs. William Kent, 5112 Kimbark avenue, Chicago.)

Helps To High Living

SUN.—A wholesome taste for cleanliness and fresh air is one of the final attainments of humanity.

MON.—If you ask why you are to be honest, you are, in the question itself, dishonored.

TUES.—The first duty of a state is to see that every child born therein shall be well housed, clothed, fed and educated, till it attain years of discretion.

WED.—No religion that ever was preached on this earth of God's rounding ever proclaimed any salvation to sellers of bad goods.

THURS.—All political economy, as well as all higher virtue, depends first on sound work.

FRI.—Crime can only be truly hindered by letting no man grow up a criminal.

SAT.—To make your children capable of honesty is the beginning of education.

—*John Ruskin.*

Influence

TO MY MOTHER.

Soft, scentless, feathery flowers of blue
  Were in my garden-border set;
Beside them, clothed in tender green,
  Grew the dear, fragrant mignonette.

I plucked a spray of blossoms blue,
  And kept them with me in my room,
And suddenly I 'came aware
  Of faintest fragrance from their bloom!

I could not think what it might mean,
  That such a fragrance I should get
From scentless flowers, until I thought—
  They grew beside the mignonette!

So, haply, from this life of mine
  May come a spreading fragrance yet;
I surely should some grace have caught—
  I grew beside thee, Mignonette!

—*Estelle M. Hart, in Sunday School Times.*

A Modern Magician

Nearly forty years ago a lad was at work in a plow factory in Massachusetts, where his uncle was superintendent. He had been employed but a very short time when he invented a notable improvement in the machinery. His wages were multiplied by twenty-five, and he was given every inducement to stay.

But the same keen mind that had seen the possible improvement in the machines saw a larger and more congenial field where few boys look for it. Young Luther Burbank found improving machines much less interesting than improving nature. So, having left the plow company, he invented the Burbank potato when he was hardly out of his teens.

It is computed that in the thirty years since it came into being, the Burbank potato has added at least twenty million dollars to the wealth of the United States. But Luther Burbank got only enough to take him to California, where he wanted to "set-up" in the nursery business.

In 1875 he settled at Santa Rosa. His nursery business grew to demand all his time and thought; and this he was unwilling to give.

He therefore sold out his business at the height of his success and started the Sebastopol Experimental Farm, which is now known to horticulturists all over the world as the scene of miracles of plant magic. Without scientific education, with no finely equipped laboratory, without large conservatories even, he takes a flower or fruit and shapes it at his will. Plant life, he asserts—and proves—"is as plastic as clay in the hands of the potter."

The walnut, for example, as he has shown, can be made as thin-shelled as a paper almond, while its meat can be freed from the tannin which now colors it and made as white as a kernel of rice. He put the chestnut to school and taught it how to bear nuts eighteen months after planting from the seed; he showed the ox-eye daisy how to bloom into a gorgeous flower five inches across, naming it after Mount Shasta; he took the yellow Eschscholtzia and induced it to bloom in silver, ruby and amethyst; he changed the blackberry to snowy whiteness; he gave the plum the flavor of a Bartlett pear and made it stoneless; he joined plum and apricot to make the "plumcot," a totally new fruit; he enlarged the French prune fivefold and made it sweeter; he produced two new species of edible berries, the "phenomenal," from the union of the native California dewberry and the Siberian raspberry, and the "primus," from a union of the raspberry and the blackberry.

As for side issues, such as the pineapple quince, the tomato-potato, or "pomato," the banana plum, the fragrant dahlia, the gladiolus, which blooms all round its stem, instead of on one side only, the improvement of bulbs, the bestowal of hardiness upon various hot-house flowers and fruits, the giving of long-keeping qualities to fruits for shipment, the prolonging by months of early and late bearing varieties, and so forth, the list is too long to mention fully.

"There seems to be hardly a plant," says one visitor to the farm, "which he has not had for a time in his school and given the benefit of his liberal education to some extent."

The secret of his magic is, in some essentials, incommunicable. Only genius can do what he has done. But genius has been defined as "an infinite capacity for taking pains," and this side of it is prominent at Santa Rosa. The patience of it is marvelous. From fifty to five hundred varieties of fruit, for example, are grafted on to one tree for test. In producing the primus berry five thousand seedlings of various crosses were experimented with. In one berry campaign nine hundred thousand bushes were torn up and burned in a single season as not having proved their right to live. It took eight years of hybridization and selection to evolve the Shasta daisy.

At present the magician is waving his wand of patience over the spiky and forbidding cactus and commanding it to drop its thorns and become as nutritious a forage plant as the priceless alfalfa. Already he has specimens as silky as a lily leaf, so that they may be safely rubbed against one's cheek. This has taken ten years' work, but it will mean as much to the arid lands of America as the introduction of the potato meant to Europe, for the cactus will grow luxuriantly in the dryest desert and but for its thorns is excellent fodder.

Unlike other experimenters, Mr. Burbank casts away as useless any produced variety that can not maintain itself under ordinary conditions of cultivation. His results are not freaks, but intensely practical products.

Mr. Burbank has reaped no riches from his marvelous achievements. Instead, he has spent more than he can afford of his hard-earned store to meet the demands of his investigations, although dealers in rare plants all over the world, from Europe to Australia, eagerly wait to buy each new "creation" from Santa Rosa.

The California Academy of Science in May, 1903, struck a beautiful gold medal in his honor, "in recognition of his noble services to mankind." In December, 1904, the Carnegie Institution voted him a ten years' allowance to carry forward his work, "independent of commercial matters." So, although he can not afford to make money, this endowment will give America the benefit of the full genius of a man who is not only able to "make two blades of grass grow where only one grew before," but magically to transform its growth to suit the needs of man.—*Priscilla Leonard in the Youth's Companion.*

"Give all thou can'st—high heaven rejects the lore
Of nicely calculated less or more."—*Goethe.*

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

Foreign Notes

Midsummer Gleanings.

Mme. degli Asinelli writes as follows of the latest very modest contribution from Chicago, its prospective application and the new fields into which her unwearied devotion to Miss Hobhouse's South African work has led her:

"Oh! the nice surprise! My heart gave a joyful leap when your 25 fr. 75 were handed to me, for since the 26th of June, this is only the second donation that came to cheer my Boer funds. The time of year is not propitious, I know, but to receive donations has become like a second nature to me and I can but with difficulty make up my mind to the present circumstances. Though I knew you had it in store for me, I have been as happy as a child at the sight of the golden piece and its merry little companions.

"I have in hand 198 fr. 50, which sum I have carefully put aside to pay for the sending of three curious carding stools (much admired by Emily Hobhouse while at Brunig), two old, well-preserved wheels and a few pounds of beautiful old flax. The case with the sending to Delagoa Bay will cost about 60 fr., I believe; the remainder of the sum will be sent in September with any donations which may come.

"We have not been idle, though. With much difficulty we have gathered many secrets pertaining to the culture and preparation of flax and hemp. These secrets are fast dying out, as everywhere new machinery has taken the place of the old-fashioned, rough instruments used on the farms and in the chalets on the mountain tops. These precious details have formed quite a treatise, quaint in its strange explanations (given by peasant women little accustomed to such an ordeal) and most interesting on the whole. I do believe that had you read it, you would willingly throw your pen aside and come and try with your friend to sow and gather, and beat, and spread, and thrash, and comb, and spin flax and hemp. Some beautiful specimens of linen made by hands long since cold in death have accompanied this 'knowledge risen from the grave.'

"This is not all. Emily told me that the farmers wanted to try their luck with the silk worms; and another treatise, 47 pages in all, has gone, with a splendid collection of cocoons, over twenty varieties in all. Thus I have been, with many friends, diving into the very life of our peasants and this work has prevented my sighing too much at the sight of my Boer purse."

Our friend writes charmingly also of Professor Baumgartner, of Zurich, whose report of Miss Hobhouse's Zurich address was paraphrased not long ago in these columns, a fact which gave him much pleasure when she brought it to his attention.

These little international courtesies through the medium of printer's ink are a very happy means of annihilating space and promoting friendly acquaintance in spite of distance and diversities of language. A certain busy librarian, for example, passes on quite regularly his personal copy of the *Christian Register* to a friend who sends it now here, now there, to Germany, Switzerland, or elsewhere, according to contents. Three issues containing the articles on Hungary, in Mr. Sunderland's series on "Liberal Religion a World Movement," were sent not long ago to a publicist in Geneva, whose wife is a Hungarian. Though not nominally "liberals," this gentleman and his wife became interested in the Unitarian delegates to the Liberal Congress in 1905 and offered them special hospitality on account of their race. That their interest in the Congress and in these Hungarians was not a transient one is evidenced by the fact that the *Signal de Genève*, though only a four-page weekly paper, devotes nearly one-fifth of its space in a recent issue to a sympathetic and admirably condensed paraphrase of Mr. Sunderland's story of the Hungarian, or Transylvanian, Unitarians, prefacing it with a notice of the forthcoming International Congress of religious liberals in Boston. I fancy this cordial and extended notice will gratify both Mr. Sunderland and the friends who regularly represent the Hungarian churches at these biennial congresses.

Th. Schneider, of Wiesbaden, whose interest in UNITY dates from the time of its contribution to the Servetus monument at Geneva, and who hoped to attend the Geneva Congress but did not, writes that he will likewise be unable to get leave to attend the Boston one. Mr. Schneider, it may be remembered, was refused admission to the pastorate because he could not accept the Apostles'

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creed, and had to pay back to the ecclesiastical authorities the money advanced for his theological training. He then fitted himself for a teacher and, while filling the position of *Oberlehrer* has never ceased to take a deep interest in religious questions at home and abroad, fearlessly using tongue and pen in furtherance of perfect liberty of conscience for churches as well as individuals. The latest contribution received from him is a series of sketches from the religious history of Nassau (*Religionsgeschichtliche Bilder aus Nassau*) in two parts, published, as in the German fashion, with the annual report of the school with which he is connected, in 1906 and 1907 respectively. Beginning with prehistoric and Roman times, Mr. Schneider's sketches treat of the more important events, personages and organizations of the middle ages, the crusades, the period of the reformation, the thirty-years war, and so on down to the union of the Lutheran and Reformed churches, in 1817, and almost to date. To any one interested in the religious history of this very important region, Mr. Schneider will be glad to send reprints of these papers for the very moderate sum of 15 cents (60pf.) to cover cost of printing and postage. His address is *Ruedesheimer Strasse* 20th, Wiesbaden. As there are many Germans from Nassau in America, the author would be glad if this notice might attract the attention of some of our German papers.

Speaking of things German, I am reminded of the death of Kuno Fischer, the venerable professor of Philosophy at Heidelberg, which I think has passed unnoticed by UNITY. Kuno Fischer was born July 23, 1824, at Sandelwalde, in Silesia. He passed away, full of years and honors, July 5, 1907, at his home on the banks of the Neckar. At the age of twenty he was appointed *privat-docent* at the University of Heidelberg and it is said that even at that early day his students were wont to mark his entrance and exit with that peculiar scraping of the feet on the floor which is an especial tribute of admiration in German universities. Six years later, in 1856, he was for a time at the University of Berlin. In 1857 he was called to the University of Jena, where he remained till 1872. In that year he returned as professor to Heidelberg, where he remained till his death. Wherever he taught, his brilliant oratorical gifts, coupled with a wonderful clearness of exposition and profound erudition, drew ever-increasing throngs of students, not merely from all parts of Germany, but from all countries.

His activities were by no means confined to the class-room. In 1852 he published his "System of Logic and Metaphysics," the first of an uninterrupted line of philosophical works of which the most notable was his "History of Modern Philosophy Since Descartes." His commentary on Goethe's Faust is considered the best of the many that have been written on that enigmatical work.

Venerated and beloved by his students and townspeople, he was also the recipient of many governmental honors and on occasions of ceremony was entitled to wear more orders and decorations than there was room on his broad breast to display. In philosophic circles everywhere there is a heartfelt sorrow that this noble old man will not be there to welcome them to the International Congress of Philosophy next year at Heidelberg.

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